

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XIII. No. 23

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MARCH 4, 1923

The Leading Man

BY WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS

UP and down before the mirror paced a lean, awkward youth, a dingy, paper-covered volume in his hand.

"I'd like to know how to get ahead of her dad," he was mumbling savagely, in the alleged manner of a desperate lover, "why, he's the—he's the—er—er—oh, of course, he's the foxiest old fellow I ever met." The actor regarded himself complacently in the glass. Not so bad, he thought, as he continued his labor. He must become more familiar with the lines. He must know the exact moments in which he might take a breath. He must know just how, when, and where to make the gestures. He must become thoroughly acquainted with the part, for the try-out was scheduled for the very next day, and he, Jimmy Jones, had his eye on the amusing role of Bobby Cartwright, the leading man.

Jimmy had been an "extra" in last year's performance. He, with the rest of the Roman soldiers in their flashing tin armor, had boldly cried out, "Hear, hear!" at Mark Antony's oration. He knew what it was to be before the public eye. He still retained several thrilling memories of sly peeps through the curtain at the interesting and unsuspecting audience, of frantic dashes to the anteroom for forgotten properties, and of a desperate rehearsing of lines at the last minute. But last year Jimmy had had only a small part. This year he would suddenly shine forth into stardom.

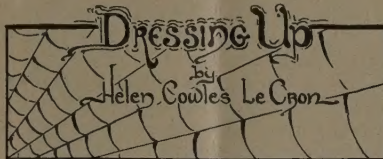
Late the next afternoon, Jimmy sat in the last row of seats in the assembly hall, anxiously awaiting his chance. Most of the parts had already been given out, and now, in a few minutes, his Thespian talents would be on exhibition. He reached in his pocket for the book, and breathlessly waited while Mr. Archibald, the timid English instructor, announced that aspirants would now try out for the leading man. Before Jimmy could get up, the hall door opened, and in rushed Jerry Day, big, good-natured, handsome Jerry, who was an idol both on the gridiron and on the diamond.

"I'm not too late to try out, am I, Mr. Archibald?" he gasped.

"For what part, Day?" asked the instructor.

"Bobby."

"Oh, no, we were just about to try out for that role when you entered. Here,



In Belinda's grandma's attic,
where we sometimes go to play,
Are some queer, old-fashioned dresses,—
green and yellow, rose and gray,—
And we love to try them on us
and go trailing up and down
like two funny young old ladies
who have lately come to town!

When Belinda pins her curls up
and then curtsies very low,
She is like a quaint old picture
from a book of long ago;
But she only gasps and tells me,
"Quick! Unfasten me, Delight!
How could Great-funt Eliza
ever wear a thing so tight?"



Drawing by Henrietta Wood

take this book. You may as well be the first."

Brushing back his rebellious pompadour, Jerry took the book, mounted the stage, and began to read. Almost at once the bored audience, which had listened to the attempts with either lukewarm praise or open disapproval, began to appear interested, even enthusiastic. Here was acting! Jerry brought out all the wit, all the humor, all the gaiety of the lines. He made his hearers laugh heartily at jokes they had read over and over dozens of times. He was not Jerry Day. He was Bobby Cartwright!

Jimmy crouched lower and lower into his seat. He had seen the approving glances. He had heard the little mur-

mur of approbation which arose after Jerry had finished. He would have to work hard to beat Jerry, but he was going to do his best to get that part!

"That was very well done indeed, Mr. Day," beamed Mr. Archibald. "You may stop on your way out and take a copy of the play with you. You have been awarded the part of Bobby Cartwright, the leading man."

Jimmy arose. Surely the teacher did not know he was there. He was about to speak when he saw Jerry, flushed and triumphant, already looking over the first act. He had received the part. Would it do any good to try to take the part away from him after he had done so well?

"Did you intend to try out for any role, Jones?" asked Mr. Archibald kindly when he saw Jimmy turning to leave the hall.

"No, sir," answered Jimmy. He tried to make his voice sound unconcerned. "Still, Mr. Archibald," he called back over his shoulder, "you might put my name on the waiting list."

So Jerry had received the part. After all, he was not very much surprised. Jerry made the touchdowns. Jerry made the homeruns. It was Jerry who was elected class president. Jerry got everything. Somehow it did not seem quite fair. That night, before Jerry shut the door on the roaring fire he had just raked down, he pulled out of his pocket a little paper-covered pamphlet, read the title bitterly several times, then threw it into the flames. It was that highly instructive volume, "Acting Made Easy in Twenty Lessons."

Two weeks later, Jimmy sat in the study room, trying to learn and remember just exactly when the Battle of Saratoga was fought. In spite of all his efforts, he could not put the play out of his mind. Rehearsals had already begun. He saw the busy actors anxiously studying their lines. He watched Jerry as he went up to sharpen his pencil. The leading man was quite as unconcerned and genial as ever. Jimmy wondered if he really knew, if he appreciated at all, how lucky he was.

While Miss Noggs was severely censuring a bold sophomore for carving his initials on the woodwork, Jerry strode carelessly over to her desk, and, picking up something shiny, he put it into his pocket, and walked indifferently back to his seat.

After school that day, when Jimmy was busy reading a book for the next

hated report, he overheard a conversation in the next room, the principal's office.

"You say you left the keys on the desk, Miss Noggs?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it. When I came back, they were gone. Somebody in that room took them!"

"You suspect no one?"

"No one in particular."

"Well, Miss Noggs, you may be sure that both the culprit and the keys will be found."

Immediately Jimmy remembered seeing Jerry at the desk. He had put something into his pocket. It was he who had taken the keys. This was the week the juniors tried to steal the school flag away from the seniors. Jerry wanted to have full access to the building, and to be able to protect the banner. That was all. But suppose he were found out! The principal would pay attention to neither excuses nor explanations. Jerry might be expelled from school. At any rate, he would be barred from all student activities. Why, he might be forced to resign from the play! If he were, there might still be a chance for Jimmy. James Jones' name now headed the waiting list. James Jones might yet play the leading man.

All night Jimmy turned and tossed in bed. He could not sleep. He could picture himself on the stage. Already he could hear the applause of an enthusiastic audience. He could see himself flushed with pride after the last fall of the curtain. He would have Jerry's part. Then he thought of Jerry, expelled, in disgrace. It was not his fault. Jerry had broken the rules of the school, and he would be punished for it. But had he intentionally done wrong? Had he fully realized what he was doing when he took the keys? Jerry had always been honest and upright. Jimmy knew that he would return the keys after the exciting week was over. He wondered if he could enjoy the part after Jerry was ingloriously forced to withdraw. He saw Jerry's face before him. He could not meet Jerry's eyes.

Altogether he spent a very uncomfortable night. The next morning, however, his mind was made up. He would warn Jerry. Jerry would return the keys. Jimmy's conscience would be clear once more. Beside, if he could be big enough to tell Jerry of his danger, in spite of the play, in spite of the part, of the two, would he not be the *leading man*?

Just before school the next morning he saw Jerry hurrying down the corridor toward the principal's office. He ran and caught up with him. He must warn Jerry before it was too late!

"Well, Jim, what is it?" asked Jerry a little impatiently. I'm rather in a hurry. The principal wants to have a talk with me."

"Do you know *what* he wants you for?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, sure! I'm changing my program,

and he's going to help me arrange my new schedule."

"Well, Jerry, before you go in, you'd better give me those keys!"

"What keys do you mean?"

"The keys you took from Miss Noggs' desk!"

"Why, how did you—?"

"I saw you take them!"

"Well, I wanted to be able to let the bunch into the school and protect our banner. That's why I took the keys. But, somehow, I just couldn't keep them. Flag or no flag, I wasn't going to turn thief! I returned the keys yesterday afternoon. But why did—?"

"Oh, I heard the principal talking, and knew that if you were caught, you might be expelled. Anyway you wouldn't be able to take part in the play."

"The play? Say, Jim, I had so much trouble with my lessons lately that I had to give the part up. I turned in my book this morning. Well, the principal's waiting for me. I'll see you later."

Jimmy dazedly watched Jerry as he hurried away. So he had handed in his book. He was not in the play after all! Jimmy could not exactly grasp what had happened. He was about to hurry to the French recitation room when he heard someone calling him. He turned and saw Mehitable Ross, who played the gossipy spinster, Tabby Snaggs, in the play.

"Oh, Jimmy," she gasped, running up to him, "I've been trying to find you everywhere! 'Baldy' wants you to come up to his room right away. He says it's *very important*!"

The Fairy's Gift

BY AMELIA MURDOCK WING

WHEN hoary winter said goodbye
And left young March his sway
to try,

He gave him treasures from his store—
The snow, the ice, and winds galore.
But March for something better sighed;
With such poor gifts he'd often tried
To win the hearts of maidens fair;
Had sent his breezes here and there
Without avail to cheer or charm;
They'd brought him only grief and harm.
When this complaint at length was
heard,

A fairy's heart was deeply stirred,
And, promising to give him aid,
Soon sent rare gifts to please a maid.
Thus, on the first bright springtime day,
Gay bluebirds sang their merry lay.
Young March no longer frets and grieves.
A welcome warm he now receives,
As joyous bluebirds, year by year,
Return with sweetest notes of cheer.

Sister Susan's First New Pair of Shoes

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

LONG, long ago, it wasn't easy for families who lived in the wilderness far from cities, to buy new shoes. In those days there were traveling shoemakers in some parts of the

country who went from house to house and stayed until shoes were made for all who needed them from grandfather and grandmother to the baby.

Where sister Susan lived, the shoemaker came two or three times a year to take orders for shoes. He traveled from house to house and measured the feet of those who were to have new shoes. Then away he went to make the shoes in his shop at home many miles toward the East. When the new shoes were finished he went traveling West again to deliver them and get his pay.

Now it happens that when sister Susan was seven years old she had never worn a new pair of shoes in her life; she had never even been measured for a new pair of shoes. She cried about it when the shoemaker came that time when she was seven, but tears didn't make any difference.

"It is too bad, and we are sorry," mother said, "but Sarah Jane will soon outgrow two good pairs of shoes which will just fit Susan; so Susan must wear Sarah Jane's shoes and Sarah Jane must have new ones.

Sarah Jane wished that sister Susan might have her feet measured for new shoes too, but she might as well have wished for the moon that day. Cousin Sally, who was visiting, was the only comforting one.

"About ten years ago I was a little girl myself," she said, "and I know how you feel, sister Susan, because I used to have to wear my older sister's shoes and she had the new ones. And one time, what do you think! It was a year and a half before the shoemaker brought the shoes for my sister, and when they came she couldn't wear them because her feet had grown too big and they fitted me! Maybe the same thing will happen again!"

Cousin Sally didn't believe that such a thing would ever happen again, but she did long to say something hopeful to make Susan smile. Sure enough, sister Susan cheered up and laughed.

"I hope Sarah Jane's feet will grow fast," she said.

"So do I," said the laughing Sarah Jane, and her feet did grow fast. They grew so fast she was afraid she would outgrow her best pair of shoes before the shoemaker came with the new ones.

The shoemaker didn't come when he was expected. Months passed and the shoemaker didn't come.

"We'll both be barefooted soon," sister Susan told her mother, "because my shoes are all wearing out and Sarah Jane is wearing out all her shoes. There is a hole in the toe of her best ones."

When the shoemaker arrived at last, a year had passed since he measured Sarah Jane's feet for a pair of new shoes. He found both little girls wearing pretty Indian moccasins.

He explained why he didn't get there before and then said, "Now Sarah Jane, please sit down and try on your new shoes."

Sarah Jane tried on the new shoes and was greatly surprised to find that they fitted; they were a little loose if anything.

"Why how did it happen?" asked Sarah Jane when the shoemaker laughed. "I know my feet have kept growing bigger and bigger!"

"How did it happen?" mother inquired.

The shoemaker winked at Sarah Jane and sister Susan. "I have been making shoes for Miss Sary ever since she began to walk," he explained, "so, a fortnight ago I looked at this pair made according to her measures last year, and I remembered what happened when cousin Sally was a little girl."

As the shoemaker talked he unpacked the prettiest pair of shoes sister Susan ever saw in her life.

"Try 'em on, sis," the shoemaker advised.

Sister Susan tried them on; they were a perfect fit. She was so happy she couldn't talk. Sarah Jane was happy too.

"I have been hoping all the time that my new shoes would fit sister Susan," she told them, "because I would just have to have shoes, if mother sent me home with the shoemaker to get them made!"

"I made your shoes a fortnight since, Sary Jane," the shoemaker continued, "and I am glad they fit even if they be a leetle mite loose. Well, sister Susan, there is nothing to cry about this time, is there?"

"No, sir, I thank you," answered the little girl, politely. "I hope they squeak!"

"Take a few steps and we will listen," advised the shoemaker when he and the family stopped laughing.

Sister Susan took a few steps and the new shoes squeaked. The little girl's face was radiant with happiness.

"You will never forget your first new pair of shoes, will you, sis?" the shoemaker said.

"No, sir, I thank you," joyfully answered little sister Susan. And she never did.

Paddy Paw the Elephant

BY MARION BROWNFIELD

THIS is the story of Paddy Paw, the elephant who lives in the Zoo. It was told to Jimmy, one Saturday afternoon, by the Elephant Man, himself.

"Of course Paddy Paw did not always live in this tent with sawdust under his feet and a chain on his left paddy-paw," said the Elephant Man. "He came from 'way across the seas, for he was born in a jungle in India. I helped capture him when he was a baby in the jungle. And so they brought me to America, too, to care for him."

"Paddy Paw'd been pretty lonesome without you, I guess," said Jimmy.

"Yes," said the Elephant Man, "he'd have missed the other elephants in the herd—"



AMERICAN TRAVELERS IN INDIA

"But he likes you so well," said Jimmy, "that he must have forgotten them. There is another elephant here in the Zoo—"

"But he came from Africa, instead of India," said the Elephant Man, "and you can tell him at a glance from Paddy Paw, because he has such big ears and his tusks point right at you."

"I know," said Jimmy, "and I don't like him so well as Paddy Paw."

"He's not got the kind disposition of my elephant who used to take care of me in India," said the Elephant Man, patting one of Paddy Paw's big, soft front knees.

"How did Paddy Paw take care of you?" asked Jimmy.

"You see his long trunk," said the Elephant Man.

"It's awful long—about eight feet, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the Elephant Man, "and it's a life saver!"

"How?" asked Jimmy.

"Well when we were travelling away from the jungle to come to America we came to a bridge. Paddy Paw wouldn't let me cross it!"

"Why not?" asked Jimmy, patting Paddy Paw himself now.

"He was afraid I would be drowned. So he tested the bridge by feeling of it with his trunk. He decided it was not strong enough to bear his weight without breaking down."

"What did he do then?" asked Jimmy.

"Paddy Paw blew his danger horn!"

Jimmy looked puzzled.

"You've heard him toot through his trunk when he's too close to the African elephant, haven't you? Well, that's what he did in front of the bridge. But it was the only road there was."

"How did you get across finally?"

"Paddy Paw picked me up like this," the Elephant Man stood right close to

Paddy Paw and touched his trunk gently and sure enough the great big elephant curled his trunk right around the Elephant Man's waist and lifted him high on to his back! "Then he walked down by the side of the bridge," said the Elephant Man, patting Paddy Paw's ear, "put his front paddy-paws into the river and his back legs behind him and we swam across as fine as you please."

"You'd have been drowned if he had walked across the bridge, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said the Elephant Man, giving Paddy Paw a buff between the ears that he understood, for he took him down again with his trunk. "But there's just one thing Paddy Paw's afraid of."

"What?" asked Jimmy, surprised.

"Mice," said the Elephant Man, "and that's how I pay him back for taking care of me in India. I keep it as clean as I can around here and then the mice can't find any crumbs around Paddy Paw and they don't bother him."

"What does he eat?"

"Hay and vegetables."

"And he likes peanuts," said Jimmy, taking a handful out of his pocket and handing them to Paddy Paw who took them with his trunk at once and carried them up to his mouth.

"Yes, but sugar cane is his favorite. Once in India he got loose somehow in the night and went into a rice field full of tender shoots. The farmer was pretty mad at Paddy Paw. But he knew better than to make an elephant angry. So he got some sugar cane and coaxed Paddy Paw right out of the field with it."

"What does he do when he's angry?" asked Jimmy.

"Some elephants stick their tusks into their enemies," said the Elephant Man, "but Paddy Paw never hurts his friends and only gets even with people when they play a trick on him."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PAGET WEST,
BERMUDA.

Dear Miss Buck: I am thirteen years old and have been receiving *The Beacon* for quite a while. I am really interested in it. I am in the fifth standard and would like very much to become a member of the club and wear its button, also my brother.

I go to the Gospel Sunday School. We have only a few scholars but our teachers are very nice and give us good instructions on the Bible.

I would like to correspond with any of the members that would write to me.

Sincerely yours,
IRENE CANNONIER.

45 BALDOVAN TERRACE,
DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

Dear Miss Buck: I attend the Unitarian Christian Church Sunday School and also Bible Class. My Sunday School teacher is Mr. Williamson who is also our minister. I am fourteen years of age and would like to become a member of *The Beacon* Club and wear its pin. The stories in *The Beacon* which I read every week are very enjoyable.

Yours truly,
NORA STEWART.

"Who play tricks on him?"

"Oh, sometimes fool people who visit the Zoo. There was a boy here last Saturday who fed him a pin in with some candy. Paddy Paw almost cried it hurt him so. Then he took a big drink of water and when the boy had forgotten how mean he had been, and was standing near, he spurted it out all over him!"

"Served him right," said Jimmy.

"Yes, Paddy Paw knew how to punish him without hurting him."

"He's a wise old elephant," said Jimmy, looking up at Paddy Paw. His eyes were closed and he was swaying to and fro gently.

"He's dreaming he's back in India," said the Elephant Man.

So Jimmy said good-by softly and walked away.

Church School News

News comes from the church school at Colorado Springs, of which Clifford M. Balkam is Superintendent, of a better enrolment, interest and attendance in that school than has prevailed for some time. We wish for this school increased membership and interest, with everything that goes to make a school successful. We shall hope later to have more information about its sessions and its course of study.

The calendar of the First Unitarian Church of Orlando, Fla., Rev. George H. Badger, minister, announces the sessions of the church school at 9.45 on Sunday mornings. It is a modern school with a graded course of study. The minister is conducting an adult class in one of the books of the advanced department of the

SOUTH 1654 MAPLE STREET,
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.
Dear Miss Buck: Most of the girls in our class have written you letters and have their buttons. I had a button once but I lost it, so I am sending you a two-cent stamp for another. I am twelve years old and in seventh grade. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. We have a very nice superintendent, Mr. Meyer; he is the English teacher in one of the high schools here. I have a very nice Sunday School teacher, Miss Peterson. There are ten girls in our class when they are all present.

Sincerely yours,
JEAN CAIRNS.

140 MINDEN STREET,
BOSTON 20, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: In 1918 I joined the Beacon Club, but sorry to say, I have since lost my pin. Enclosed you will find the required stamp to send me another.

I am almost fifteen, my birthday being in July, and also am a Freshman in High School.

I attend the First Unitarian Church in Boston our Minister being Rev. Charles E. Park. My Sunday School teacher is Miss Engewald and since I last wrote to you our class has increased.

I am in hopes that some member of the Beacon Club will write to me.

Cordially yours,
DOROTHY GEBHARDT.

Beacon Course, "The Story of the New Testament" by Goodspeed.

The Unitarian Sunday school of Peter-sham, Mass., is distinctive by reason of the large attendance of its members at the regular church services. This attendance continues not only during the season from October 1st to Easter, when the minister gives a short sermon to the children at the church service, but also during the remainder of the year. On four of the holidays, Harvest Sunday, Christmas, Easter, and Children's Day, the school meets with the church and takes part in the services.

The Louisa May Alcott class of our church school in Denver, Colo., sends in to the Department of Religious Education by one of its members, Hermina Kahn, a fine report of its work. Once in three weeks, the class has a weekday meeting at the home of the teacher, Mrs. Sweet. At this meeting they discuss plans for their work and have a social time. Members of the class assisted in the Christmas play given by the school at the Christmas party on Saturday night, December 23rd.

Under the care of the minister, Rev. Charles W. Casson, who took charge of the Roslindale Unitarian Church the first of October, the school has built up its attendance to 125 with 14 teachers. The December calendar names five Christmas events for the school and the church in which the members might participate. The statement is made that Christmas time is a great opportunity and the school is summoned to recognize the opportunity which the season offers and do its part.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLII.

(This is a new and interesting form of enigma. When you have put at the end of each line the word for which the figures stand, you will enjoy the rhyme as you find the answer.)

Should you feel the lack of 2, 3, 6, 1,
Of coal you sure would buy a 1, 8, 9,
And get it if your dealer does not 7, 2, 5, 6, 1.
Then eat some nicely fried 4, 6, 7, 8, 9,
And drink a lot of steaming hot 1, 3, 6,
While with your friend you have a 7, 2, 6, 1,
And on your lap will purr your 7, 6, 1.
If, now, you use your eyes and (slang) 4, 5, 6, 9,
My whole in letters nine is easily seen.

NEMO.

ENIGMA XLIII.

I am composed of 18 letters and my whole marks a place of historic interest.

My 7, 16, 6, is a pronoun.
My 17, 8, 13, 5, is a number.
My 11, 2, 10, 5, is a beast of burden.
My 3, is a consonant.
My 18, 12, 15, is a boy's name.
My 1, 14, 9, 4, denotes size.

"WEST ROXBURY."

BEHEADED WORDS

1. Behead a fruit and get every one.
 2. Behead exceptional and get a part of the verb to be.
 3. Behead once more and get profit.
 4. Behead a wished-for good and get a business transaction.
 5. Behead a place for trade and get the past tense of tear.
 6. Behead each one and get exceedingly.
- When correctly guessed and placed one below another the first letters will spell a word meaning worship.

E. A. C.

A "CATTY" PUZZLE

(Each word begins with "cat")

1. A cat that crawls.
2. A cat that is good to eat.
3. A cat with a cold.
4. An underground cat.
5. Cats that have horns.
6. A water cat.
7. A tree cat.
8. A library cat.
9. A dangerous cat.
10. A cat that asks questions.

The Portal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 21.

ENIGMA XXXVIII.—The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

ENIGMA XXXIX.—Mount Spokane.
HIDDEN BIRDS.—1. Sandpiper. 2. Crane. 3. Lark. 4. Eagle. 5. Snipe. 6. Grouse. 7. Waxwing. 8. Jackdaw. 9. Seagull. 10. Flamingo.

LITERATURE EXAMINATION.—1 Pope. 2 Hawthorne(e). 3 Cowper. 4 Lowell. 5 Coleridge. 6 Longfellow. 7 Po(e).

A QUEER CALCULATION.—Winter; win; wintry; try-out.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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